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UNION LABEL

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, APRIL 15, 1903.

Failure of the Anti-Oleo Law.

When congress, under pressure from the dairy interests of New England, was passing the anti-oleomargarine law, the cattle raisers of the west insisted that the law would be a failure. This opinion has been confirmed. Figures made public by the commissioner of internal revenue a few days ago show very conclusively that the law has failed to meet the purposes intended.

It was the expectation of the promoters of the law that it would practically drive oleomargarine out of the market, at least as a competitor of butter. That it has utterly failed in this object is proved by the commissioner's figures which show that a total of 50,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine has been sold in the eight months ended February 28, a decrease of only 30 per cent from the corresponding period of the previous year, and a decrease by no means surprising, in view of the fact that in the first few months of this period the production was materially curtailed, because the manufacturers were engaged in adjusting their methods to the provisions of the new law. Since what might be termed the readjustment period the sales have steadily increased, and it is doubtful if the next eight months will show the slightest diminution. In the judgment of some authorities they will show an increase.

Out of the total of 50,000,000 pounds sold only 16,000 pounds was artificially colored, and thus subjected to the tax of 10 cents a pound. The remainder was technically uncolored, and paid the tax of one-quarter cent a pound, in lieu of a two cent a pound tax provided by the old laws; but this does not mean that it was white, the manufacturers having so adjusted the proportion of lawful ingredients as to give their product a reasonably rich color without the use of "artificial coloring matter," this being accomplished by an increase in the amount of cottonseed oil and of genuine colored butter entering into the composition of the oleomargarine.

Moreover, the government has suffered a considerable loss of revenue as a result of the new law. For the eight months ended February 28, 1901, the the revenue collected in the form of taxes on oleomargarine and licenses to sell the same amounted to $1,863,461.73. Receipts from the same source for a like period ended February 28, 1903, amounted to only $526,103.87, a decrease of $1,337,357.86.

Notwithstanding the decrease in revenue, the number of licensed retailers of uncolored oleomargarine has greatly increased, the license fees having been reduced from $280 for wholesalers and $48 for retailers to $200 for wholesalers and $6 for retailers of the uncolored product.

It was the freely admitted expectation of the promoters of the law that "white oleo" would find little sale, and had it been necessary to make the product white this assumption would doubtless have proved correct; but the skill of the producers in giving to their product a yellow tinge has defeated all such expectations.

The anti-oleomargarine law also provided for the proper labelling of renovated or "process" butter, for the systematic inspection of the factories, and imposed a tax on the product of one-quarter cent a pound. While there are no figures with which to make comparisons, it is the opinion of those familiar with the trade that the sale of "process" butter has undergone no material diminution. The receipts for the eight months ended with February from this source amounted to $95,468.40, showing sales of 38,187,360 pounds. With no little shrewdness the manufacturers, although compelled to label their product "renovated butter," have seized on the government inspection as furnished a guarantee of purity, and advertise it as "prepared under the supervision of the United States government."

Taking a general view of the results of the law, it is doubtful if it has in any way benefited the producers of genuine butter, while it has occasioned no inconsiderable loss of revenue to the government.

Strenuous Days for Corporations.

The decision of the United States circuit court against the merger of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads will, of course, stimulate suits against all forms of corporations, for awhile. The attorney general of Illinois has certified to the prosecuting attorney of Cook county (Chicago) the names of 3,000 corporations which have failed to comply with the provisions of the anti-trust law of that state, which requires an annual affidavit from each corporation to the effect that it has not entered into a pool, trust, or combine. The state's attorneys in other counties are to be supplied with information of the same character, and they will be instructed to proceed against the delinquent companies.

The penalty fixed by statute is $50 per day, and as these corporations have been delinquent for five or six months they are each liable to a fine running into thousands of dollars.

Governor Murphy of New Jersey, acting in compliance with a law of his state, has issued a proclamation dissolving several thousand companies because they have failed to pay the annual fee prescribed by the New Jersey statutes. These are indeed dismal and strenuous days for corporations.

All corporations are bad except the corporation in which you happen to hold stock.

A New Oil Motor.

The New York papers are describing a new oil motor which certainly will "accomplish wonders" if it does what is promised. The inventor is Oscar B. Ostergren of Brooklyn. Mr. Ostergren was the designer of Charles R. Flint's fast yacht, the Arrow, and has also designed a fine type of torpedo boat destroyer.

According to the descriptions, the invention is a cycle engine and gets a power stroke of the piston for every revolution of the shaft, being so adjusted that it is impossible to get a back explosion, because the fuel is fused in at the proper moment and not before. As a result of these conditions, the inventor says, it is possible to reduce the water jacket on the cylinder and run the engine without water cooling appliances. The oil is taken in at the top o fthe cylinder, vaporized, and its consumption is said to be only one-half pint of oil an hour for each horsepower. This, however, sounds so absurd as to make the whole story seem ridiculous.

The motor is self starting and operates without a spark. The inventor explained that the most important features of his machine were in the construction of the piston and the introduction of air and the cleaning of the piston in such a way that all dead gases are thrown off, preventing back explosions. The oil is condensed by a coil through the exhaust, heating it to a high temperature before it is inducted into the top of the cylinder.

The advantages claimed by Mr. Ostergren for his new invention are as follows: That it will revolutionize ocean traffic and do away with coaling stations, enable automobiles to go 80 miles an hour as easily as they now go 40; send fast express trains from New York to San Francisco without taking on a fresh supply of fuel, give street cars extra speed, with noiseless, odorless engines, at greatly reduced expense, and eventually substitute waterless, boilerless engines everywhere for steam and make cheap fuel oil take the place of coal. All of which indicates that Mr. Ostergren may be using a new brand of hops.

As Viewed by a Merchant.

Although merchants of the present day usually write very entertainingly—as witness The Republican's advertising columns—they are not especially strong on poetry. They can state facts in a pointed way, but their long suit is not found in rhyme and metre. For this reason, when they do attempt anything in the poetry line it is not expected that all the rules of the rhymsters will be observed. Bearing these things in mind, we cannot refrain from commending the spirit, but not the words, of the following "poem" handed to the Atchison Globe the other day by a disgusted dry goods merchant of that town. The heart-felt production evidently went through uncensored:

"There are some shoppers in this town who think they know it all, but they never buy in Atchison—oh, no, this town's too small. They shop, and shop, and shop, and on clerks here have no pity, but when they have a cent to spend, they go to Kansas City. But human nature's much the same no matter where you go, and while our dear friends here think our stores so very slow, in Kansas City, her sister or cousin, to say the least, can't find a thing to suit her there, and so goes farther east. In Chicago, that big city that is ruled by men from Cork, her sister's sister fails to find anything this side of New York. While in New York another sister—and there are many more than three—can't find a thing to suit her there, and she goes across the sea. In London and in Paris where still other sisters dwell, I really don't know where they go, but I hope they go to hell."

Mr. Dooley on the Stage Irishman.

"Mr. Dooley," who is now editor of Collier's Weekly, is quite as much of a philosopher when writing good English as when discoursing in Irish dialect on the events of the day to his faithful customer, Mr. Hennessey. A born Irishman himself, Mr. Dunne makes these sensible comments on the recent outbreak of patriotic Irishmen in the east against the atrocious caricature known as the "stage" Irishman:

"A group of our fellow citizens of Irish birth connected with the Clan-na-Gael have begun a vigorous, picturesque movement for the suppression of the grotesque "stage Irishman." If their methods were a little less arbitrary we could wish them luck, for we know of no travesty more unjust to a race than the so-called Irish play of the American stage. But we doubt whether the right way to display disapproval of this gross caricature on a decent-living people is to hurl rotten eggs and cabbages at the offending "comedians." That performance rather tends to point the common gibes at the intolerance and bad temper of the Irish as a race.

"It is hard to trace the genesis of the caricature of the Irishman upon which ignorant artists and actors have united with apparent faith in its genuineness. In the comic Englishman or German or Jew of the stage and the papers we see occasional traces of fidelity to life. But whence sprang the gorilla-faced monstrosity who represents the Celt in the minds of low comedian and newspaper illustrator? Not out of Ireland, certainly. As for the "comic" conception of the brogue, it is the wonder of every Irishman who knows the real variations from the English language which are practiced with grace or grotesqueness by the greenhorn from the old country.

"We do not blame Irishmen for detesting these caricatures, but they may soothe themselves with the reflection that the "McFadden Flats" kind of play and the simian Irishman of the comic illustrator are finding their level in the lowest theaters and the most vulgar papers where they take their rightful place among kindred monstrosities. We advise the indignant Irishmen of the Clan-na-Gael to let them abide there in peace. Such outbreaks as have been reported in New York and Philadelphia do a great deal more to injure the standing of the race in the eyes of a public that likes fair play than a whole race of libellous comedians and caricaturists."

CURRENT COMMENT

Thought and Feeling in Poetry.

What is his idea? What thought does he try to express?" said a distinguished critic and professor of English literature to whom I had read a brief poem of Mr. Robert Loveman. I had not known that Mr. Loveman (or whom, by the way, I had not heard as much as I expect to) had tried to express a thought—had supposed that his aim was to produce an emotion, a feeling. That is all that a poet—as a poet—can do. He may be philosopher as well as poet—may have a thought, as profound a thought as you please, but if he do not express it so as to produce an emotion in an emotional mind he has not spoken as a poet speaks. It is the philosopher's trade to make us think, the poet's to make us feel. If he is so fortunate as to have his thought, well and good; he can make us feel, with it as well as without—and without it as well as with.

One would not care to give up the philosophy that underruns so much of Shakespeare's work, but how little its occasional absence affects our delight is shown by the reading of such "nonsense verses" as the song in "As You Like It," beginning:

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino."

One does not need the music: the lines sing themselves, and are full of very spirit of poetry. What the dickens they may chance to mean is quite another matter. What is poetry, anyhow, but "glorious nonsense?" But how very glorious the nonsense happens to be! What "thought" did Ariel try to express in his songs in "The Tempest"? There is hardly the tenth part of an "idea" in them; yet who that has a rudimentary, or even a vestigial, susceptibility to sentiment and feeling can read them without the thrill that is stubborn to the summoning of the profoundest reflections of Hamlet in his inkiest cloak?

Poetry may be conjoined with thought. In the great poet it commonly is—that is to say, we award the palm to him who is great in more than one direction. But the poetry is a thing apart from the thought and demanding a separate consideration. The two have no more essential connection than the temple and its granite, the statue and its bronze. Is the sculptor's work less great in the clay than it becomes in the hands of the foundry man?

One may know what is poetry—a few of us do; but no one knows what poetry is. No man, from Milton down to the acutest and most pernicious lexicographer, has been able to define its name. To catch that butterfly the critic's net is not fine enough by much. Like electricity, it is felt, not known. If it could be known, if the secret were accessible to analysis, why, one could be taught to write poetry without having been "born unto singing."

So it happens that the most penetrating criticism must leave eternally unsaid the thing that is most worth saying. We can say of a poem as of a picture, an Ionic column, or any work of art: "It is charming!" But who and how it charms—there we are dumb, its creator no less than another.

What is it in art before which all but the unconscious peasant and the impenitent critic confess the futility of speech? Why does a certain disposition of words affect us deeply when it differently arranged to mean the same thing they stir no emotion whatever? He who can answer that has surprised the secret of the Sphinx, and after him shall be no more poetry forever!

Expound, who is able, the charm of these lines from "Kubla Khan":

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw.
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her lucimer, she played,
Singing of Mount Abora."

There is no "thought" here—nothing but the baldest narrative in common words arranged in their natural order: but upon whose heartstrings does not that maiden play?—and who does not adore her? Take this:

"And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war."

Or this:

"A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover."

Keats says of the nightingale's song that it is perhaps

"The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

I think it was these latter two passages that one of the Rosettis called "the two Pillars of Hercules of human thought." Well, there is little enough thought in them; they are all imagination. They address, not the mind, but the heart. They do not touch the intellect; they intoxicate the emotions. Let the analysis-sharp tackle them if he is yearning to be floored.—Ambrose Bierce, in San Francisco Examiner.

Salary No Compensation.

What does the salary paid William H. Taft amount to as compensation for such unpurchasable services as he is giving the country, and for the personal sacrifices he makes daily in giving them? It is pleasant to know that for an American of his quality a few words uttered yesterday by his and our president will be a reward far above money. "There is not in this nation a higher or a finer type of public servant that Governor Taft," says Theodore Roosevelt, doing himself honor in saying it. "He has rendered literally inestimable service, not only to the people of the Philippines but to the people of the United States." There are two sentences that will go straight to the governor's heart. We wish his father could have lived to read them.—Hartford Courant.

There are certain fussy men in town and we always make it a rule at election time to find out how they intend to vote, and then vote the other way.

Political Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the position of city marshal of Phoenix, subject to the action of the republican city convention, and if nominated will stand squarely on my record of the last two years.
J. H. KINNEY.

Money sometimes goes farthest when it is invested in postage stamps.